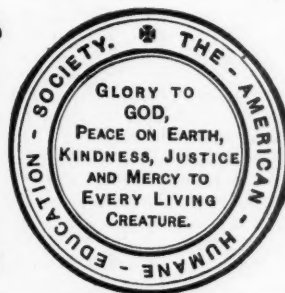


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 30.

Boston, August, 1897.

No. 3.



A LOGGING CAMP IN WINTER.

[Good picture to look at on a hot day. Used by kind permission of the *Boston Journal*.]

EIGHTY THOUSAND.

Last month we printed *eighty thousand* copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, and sent *twenty-five thousand* packages of our humane publications [weighing nearly three tons] to the great Convention of our "National Educational Association," at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which was attended by about *twenty thousand* teachers from all parts of our country. GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GRAND "BAND OF MERCY" MEETING.

We are glad to learn from our good friend Mr. C. A. Hamlin, of Syracuse, New York, that the largest public hall of that city was over-crowded with thousands inside, and hundreds turned away, at the annual meet-

ing of the "Bands of Mercy" of the public schools on June 5th. They have about 5000 members already in the "Bands," and are gaining constantly.

OUR MASSACHUSETTS REFORMATORY STATE PRISON.

We are glad to receive from the Chaplain of this institution, Rev. Wm. J. Batt, an interesting account of one of our prize contests in humane speaking at the prison, on Saturday evening, June 26th. One of the prisoners [No. 8343] presided. The judges awarded the Angell prize sterling silver medal to [No. 8686]. The second prize the judges divided evenly between [8574] and [7293].

Mr. A. J. Leach, Massachusetts organizer of "Bands of Mercy," presented, in behalf of the *American Humane Education Society*, the medals, and gave an address which captivated the audience, and added a third prize in behalf of the *American Humane Education Society*, a silver star pin badge, which was given to [7775].

The prize contest was well reported in several of the Boston papers, and we hope may lead to similar contests in all the prisons, not only throughout the United States but throughout the world.

TO NORMAL SCHOOLS.

We have ordered *Our Dumb Animals* and other humane publications sent gratuitously to every Normal School in the United States.

If any Normal School [white or colored] fails to receive them, please notify me. GEO. T. ANGELL.

FAITH AND WORKS.

A little "Band of Mercy" girl says: "I prayed that the bird traps [set by cruel boys] might not catch the birds—and then I prayed that God would prevent the birds from getting into the traps—and then I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

The above reminds us of the following: Rev. Newman Hall, of London, when about to address an immense audience, was informed that there were several pickpockets there, and rising in the pulpit, said: "I am told that there are several pickpockets in this audience. I want to say to them that the eye of the Lord is upon them and He knows everything they do, and I would also add that there are in the audience several members of our new police in citizens' clothes."

A MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS.

The distribution of about twenty-five thousand packages of our humane literature at the great National Meeting of Teachers [some twenty thousand in all] at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has resulted [as *we thought it would*] in a magnificent success.

It has cost money—but there has never been anything to compare with it in the march of humane education in this country or any other since the world began—a chief marshal and thirty assistant marshals, all wearing the beautiful new ribbon, gold-imprinted badges of our American Humane Education Society, attended to their distribution—not a single package was thrown away or wasted—and they have gone and are now going out as missionaries all over our country to tell of our "Bands of Mercy" and to proclaim the gospel of peace on earth and good will to every creature, both human and dumb. We have not time or space [just going to press] to go into details—tell about the great banner of our American Humane Education Society—and of the deep interest in our work of the newly-elected president of this great national organization of teachers, Professor Greenwood of Kansas City, Missouri, which is one of the grand centres of our "Band of Mercy" work, and of the earnest, noble work gratuitously done by our chief marshal, Mr. E. J. O'Hanlon of Milwaukee, to whom with his assistants too much praise cannot be given, and of the kindness of Mrs. W. H. Bradley, president of the Wisconsin Branch of our "American Humane Education Society," and of the grand future opening up before us. We have only time to say, with a heart overflowing with gratitude,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

By a letter from H. S. Mann, Secretary and General Manager of The Omaha Humane Society, we are most glad to learn that they have organized about ten thousand children in the public schools into two hundred and fifty-two "Bands of Mercy." Meetings are to be held in all of them once a month and oftener—addresses have been and are being given on the subject in the various schools by prominent clergymen, and large public meetings are to be held in public places, to which all will be invited.

To the above we add that the "Angell Prize Contests" are proposed to be largely used, both for their effect on the public and to raise money for humane purposes.

CEYLON.

We find on our table this morning a beautiful "Band of Mercy" card containing our pledge, for the use of all "Bands of Mercy" in Ceylon, where it is proposed to have "Bands" formed in the schools all over the island.

SICILY.

First in the world came our American Humane Education Society, headquarters at Boston. Second, the Wisconsin Branch of our A. H. E. S. Third, the California Branch. Next, the Italian Humane Education Society at Rome, and next, the Sicilian at Palermo. These are only the beginnings of a great army whose teachings and songs of mercy will be heard around the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"The righteous is ever merciful."—Ps. XXVII:3.

CHASING A GREASED PIG.

FASHIONABLES WORRIED ONE TILL HE CAST HIMSELF VIOLENTLY INTO THE LAKE.

CHICAGO.—Chicago society has taken up the amusement of catching a greased pig. It was the banner attraction at the dedication of the new home of the Saddle and Cycle Club.

The pig came from the stock-yards and was guaranteed to be "game." The howling clubmen, clad in blue "jumpers" and brilliant golf stockings, were too much for him, however, and he headed for the lake and dashed in as the lesser of two evils.

We take the above from the Boston Globe of May 24th.

It seems to us that in the present condition of things at Chicago, her fashionable people might find something better to do than chasing greased pigs into Lake Michigan. It reminds us of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning—and of that famous banquet at Babylon when the fingers of a man's hand wrote on the wall of the King's palace—"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

It was all very well in honor of the Queen's Jubilee to give a good dinner to some hundreds of thousands of London's poor, but how about their dinner the next day—and the next—and the next?

THE GREAT ENGLISH JUBILEE.

The great English Jubilee is over and certain facts seem clear:

- (1) The British Empire is a very great one—its drum-beat is heard around the world.
- (2) The Queen has been a good respectable woman, wife and mother.
- (3) The Princess of Wales ditto.
- (4) As to the Prince of Wales we should say as an old German out West did, when consulted by letter in regard to the financial standing of one of his neighbors—"When I can say nodings good of a man I always thinks it is best to say nodings at all."
- (5) As to the other princes and princesses we presume they may average about as well as others of their class.

When, with our American travelling friend, we were told at our Belfast (Ireland) hotel we could step to the dining-room door and see Prince Alfred come down, we both replied that being rather hungry we had rather keep on with our supper, and so lost the chance of seeing the young fellow of whom we knew nothing then, and have never known anything since.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANOTHER KIND LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

We received on this June 9th, from a kind friend in England, who sent us a few weeks ago a check for fifty pounds to help our American Humane Education Society, another check for a similar amount, accompanied by the kind wishes of the giver, closing with—"May He long spare your life is my sincere prayer."

"The pigs in America run around with knives and forks in their backs, asking 'who will eat me?'"

The above is related by a poor immigrant to have been told him in regard to the plenty in America, and it suggests the following thought:

Several European nations have enormous standing armies and great navies, hard to support, and with nothing whatever to do—and we are a great nation with enormous wealth in our cities—no standing army of any importance—and very little navy to defend our two great seacoasts, separated by a continent, and yet while we are constantly asserting our right to take anything we want within 2000 miles of our coast, we are as constantly declaring to all other nations that no one of them shall ever purchase or acquire another acre of land in this Western hemisphere, and so we are constantly inviting them to give us a tremendous thrashing, and then demand that we pay them a thousand millions of dollars or so for the privilege of being thrashed.

It must certainly look to some of these European governments, with our ridiculous Monroe doctrine to which their attention is being so constantly called, as though we were actually running around with knives and forks in our backs, asking "who will eat me?"

And it strikes us that if we were an Englishman we should say—while we have not the slightest objection to your spending as many of your national holidays as you may choose in touching off fire-crackers and blowing tin horns, we certainly cannot understand why we [owning about half of your continent already, and numerous islands along your coast], have not just as good a right to buy Cuba from Spain or anything else we may happen to want without consulting you, as you had to buy Alaska from Russia without consulting us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

Am I to understand, Mr. Angell, that you are opposed to having any regular army or navy for our country?

Answer: Not at all. I think it very important to have a moderate army and a moderate navy, but I do not think that we should undertake to compete with European governments in the numbers of either, or to endeavor to frighten the whole world. It should be distinctly understood by all nations that our policy is peace, and that we are not anxious to have a war with anybody.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

We counted John Boyle O'Reilly as one of our best friends. The last time we saw him he picked up our Autobiographical Recollections from his desk and said, "There, Angell, I keep that always on my desk, because I like sometimes, when I have a little leisure, to take it up." The bust on his Boston monument does not do him justice.

We wish we could see on his monument [as we saw on monuments in Italy], perfectly protected by glass from the weather, a good photograph or picture of O'Reilly as he appeared in life.

Lady customer (in china shop)—"Do you break these sets?" Dealer—"No, madam; the servants usually do that."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-nine thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY AND THE JUNGFRAU FROM INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND.

Used by kind permission of the National Magazine, 83 Newbury Street, Boston.

CHEER UP.

A little bird sings, and he sings all day—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

No matter to him if the skies be gray—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

He flies o'er the fields of waving corn,

And over the ripening wheat;

He answers the lark in the early morn

In cadences cheery and sweet.

And only these two little words he sings—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

A message to earth which he gladly brings—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

He sings in a voice that is blithe and bold—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

And little cares he for the storm or cold—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

And when in the winter the snow comes down,

And fields are all frosty and bare,

He flies to the heart of the busy town,

And sings just as cheerily there.

He chirps from his perch on my window-sill—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

This message he brings with a right goodwill—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

This dear little messenger can but say

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

As over the house-tops he makes his way—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

Oh, let us all learn from this little bird

A lesson we surely should heed;

For if we all uttered but one bright word

The world would be brighter indeed!

If only Earth's children would blithely say

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

How jolly a world would ours be to-day—

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

EVA BEST, in *Child-Life*.

HYPNOTIZING.

The following appeared in the *Boston Evening Record* of June 26th:

To the Editor of *The Record*: We are reading frequently in the papers of various cases in which persons had been hypnotized.

We have recently read one in which some 2,000 persons were present to see a hypnotized man taken from a grave two days after his burial, being supplied in the meantime with fresh air through a tube.

If the hypnotizer had died in the meantime there is nothing to show how he could have been un hypnotized.

We have also seen recently in several papers and magazines advertisements of professors of hypnotism, who propose to teach by letter or otherwise how to hypnotize.

It seems to us high time that our scientists should tell us whether this can be done, and if so, caution the public very widely, because the first to avail themselves of such information would be scoundrels, and under their influence neither man nor woman liable to be hypnotized would be safe.

Another thing we wish that our scientists would tell us: what, if any, danger there is of our eating the meats and drinking the milk of tuberculous animals. GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE STREET CRIES OF PEDLARS.

The following appeared in various Boston dailies of June 29th and 30th:

I am urged by various people to call public attention through the press to the street cries of pedlars (worse than a hundred German bands) which have now become so loud and numerous in some parts of the city, at both the fronts and backs of houses, as to make sleep for sick people and children during most hours of the day almost or quite impossible. Some of us can move out of town and get rid of them, but thousands cannot. Is there no remedy? If they could be limited to certain hours of the day—say from 8 to 12 A. M. or 1 P. M.—that would afford some relief, both to the public and the horses which are now compelled to travel through the streets from morning until night.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are told that in some cities pedlars can never cry their wares, except at the backs of houses.

THE SWALLOW'S FLIGHT.

A series of experiments recently made at Antwerp have demonstrated the amazing fact that a swallow can fly two miles per minute and maintain that speed for hours at a time. This is a higher speed than any other living creature has ever been known to attain. *Boston Daily Evening Traveler*.

Morally, the horse is better than almost any human being that ever lived.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1897.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of *about twenty thousand* newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 337, South Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month *thirty-four* new branches of our *Parent Band of Mercy*, making a total of *twenty-nine thousand two hundred and forty-eight*.

AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

We need not say how glad we should be to put a missionary into every State to form in that State *thousands* of our "*Bands of Mercy*," and to supply the missionary with humane publications and send to every "*Band*" so formed *humane outfits*. But our "*American Humane Education Society*" has not the means to undertake this important work, but in any State where *two thousand dollars* can be raised for the purpose we shall be glad to employ a missionary for at least a year, and insure that every dollar of the money shall be expended in the State so contributing, and that all publications sent to the "*Bands*" shall be sent at the bare cost, or less than the bare cost to us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK YOU DO?

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America, north of Mexico.

HOW TO HELP HORSES ENDURE THE HEAT.

The following appeared in substance in the various Boston dailies of July 7th and 8th:

George T. Angell sends out the following suggestions for the comfort of the horses: "On a very hot day keep a sponge, a towel, or your handkerchief soaked with pure cold water on the top of your horse's head. If your horse's back is sore, use pure cold water on it freely every time the saddle is removed. In hot weather tell the driver of your herd, cab, or carriage to drive slowly, especially up hills, and give him five or ten cents extra for doing it. In hot weather be sure your check-rein is loose and your horse frequently watered. In hot weather a mouthful of grass, or a piece of bread, or a cracker even, will help your horse wonderfully."

ENOUGH WORK FOR EVERYBODY.

As we have many times said in this paper during the past few years, there is plenty of needed work for every able-bodied man in this country to do—on our river levees—to make the roads what they are in Europe and ought to be here—on building canals—reclaiming waste lands and various public improvements.

And there is plenty of money to do it with if our legislators will only give us proper systems of taxation and stop throwing away unnumbered millions of dollars in attempting to outdo all the nations of Europe in the construction of great battle-ships which we shall never need if we will simply attend to our own business as we have done for the past half century.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CAST OUT THE DEVILS.

A correspondent thinks we are rather hard on the students in some of our Protestant colleges, on account of the rowdiness and outrages of comparatively "*a few*." Answer—These outrages include too often nearly whole classes, and often very considerable numbers. In this evening's paper alone (June 23rd) we find in the Tombs Police Court of New York City a batch of Yale students belonging to a party of about fifty, all acting badly on a New Haven boat, smashing bottles, knocking at doors, breaking blinds of state-rooms, keeping every passenger awake, etc., etc.—also a bloody battle of Chicago University students in which heads were thumped, backs pounded, president of senior class badly injured, another student thrown down a flight of stairs and picked up with a dislocated shoulder, and many others hurt.

This is the university to which Rockefeller is giving so much money.

Harvard students do a great many worse things than painting the statue of John Harvard.

In all the Roman Catholic colleges and uni-

versities of America we have never read of a single instance of outrage or rowdiness.

Let our Protestant colleges cast out their devils, though as numerous as the tiles on the roofs of their college chapels, and "*Our Dumb Animals*" will hereafter speak in their praise.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HORACE GREELEY.

A story is told of Horace Greeley that an acquaintance got offended at one of his articles in the *Tribune*, went to the office and stopped his subscription. Later in the day he met Mr. Greeley and said: "I've stopped your paper." "There must be some mistake," replied Horace, "for I just came from the office, and when I left the presses were running as usual, the clerks were as busy as ever, the compositors were hard at work, and the business was going on the same as yesterday and the day before."

"Oh!" said the old subscriber, "I didn't mean that I had stopped the paper, I stopped only my copy of it, because I didn't like one of your editorials." "Pshaw!" retorted Greeley; "if you expect to control the utterance of the *Tribune* by the purchase of one copy a day, or if you think to find any newspaper worth reading which will never express convictions at right angles with your own, you are doomed to disappointment."

FOR THE CLERGY AND SOME OTHERS.

We well remember the story about the young clergyman who had determined to resign his pulpit because he was so tormented by "*Old Deacon Jones*," but after being advised by an aged and experienced brother that he would find *Old Deacon Jones* in every church, concluded to remain.

To all clergymen we commend the following little poem:

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew—
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do,

And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way.

But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion don't think to escape,
For they criticize then in a different shape:
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid.

But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease.

Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—
For people will talk.

A SPECIMEN LETTER.

Just before going to press there comes to our table one of the beautiful letters which we often receive, enclosing a liberal contribution for our work, and closing, "Accept also my assurance that your name is offered at the Throne of Grace every night before I sleep, in blessing and earnest entreaty that your life may long be spared."

Cases investigated by our Boston Officers since last report.

Whole number dealt with, 467; horses taken from work, 71; horses and other animals killed, 63.

Report of Country Agents for Last Quarter.

Whole number dealt with, 763; animals taken from work, 243; mercifully killed, 126.

SUNDRIES WORTH READING.

We are glad to be informed by *Mrs. Mara S. Cook* of Spokane, Washington, of the formation of one of our Societies in that city, with a membership of best citizens.

Bird and Arbor Day has been established by law in Wisconsin.

Bird Day has been established in the schools of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Various physicians, both allopathic and homoeopathic, have written us approving our views on vivisection.

Unitarian Sunday School, Marlboro, have adopted Bird Day, and sent through Superintendent Jackman \$5 to aid our humane educational work.

We have received lots of letters from college presidents, approving our *American Humane Education Society's* work. We shall publish some of them in our September issue.

We have been made Hon. member of the South African S. P. C. A., being the first we have received from that continent.

We have received from the estate of Miss Henshaw of Leicester, \$1000 for our S. P. C. A., and from estate of Miss Cemantha L. Waters of Webster, \$50.

Our Mass. Band of Mercy organizer, *Mr. Leach*, and Western organizer, *Mr. Hubbard*, have both been doing splendid work.

Mr. Alfred Millard and others at Omaha, Nebraska, are doing excellent work.

MAKE A FEW.

A student said some time since to the president of one of our colleges, that he didn't think much of the book of Proverbs—anybody could make proverbs. "Make a few," was the reply.

It is reported that some of those jealous of Columbus suggested that anybody could have discovered America. Columbus asked if anyone at the table could make an egg stand without support, and when no one answered, cracked the shell a little and it stood. Immediately several exclaimed, "Anybody could do that." "Oh, yes," said Columbus; "if anybody had thought of it."

It is suggested to us that our obtaining at the beginning of our *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* in 1868 the services of seventeen Boston policemen during three weeks, without charge, to canvass our entire city for funds, as described on page 13 of our "Autobiographical Sketches," was by no means providential, as there suggested.

Perhaps not—but who ever did it before or has ever done it since?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR SUMMER WATERING PLACES.

As two sisters at the seashore were about to retire, the younger said she was sure there was a man under the bed. "Well," said the elder, "let's lock him in and keep him for a show; he's the only man who's been here this summer."

BIRD OF GLADNESS.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Thou art a delight to me,
Bird of gladness wild and free,
Joying in the genial chime
Of the rosy summer's prime,
Mounting in thy daring high,
Skimming where the meadows lie,
Over flowers and hum of bees,
Nestling then among the trees.

Sweetly in the dreamy air,
Swells thy music, warbler rare,
Tuning winds that softly blow,
Rising high or falling low,
Praising Him who skilful made
Thy loved haunt in leafy shade,
Who, wherever thou shalt be,
Carefully provides for thee.

While thy notes rejoicing ring,
To my heart glad thoughts they bring,
And I echo back the song,
Doubt rebuked, and faith made strong;
He who, constant from above,
For thy need provides in love,
Ever watcheth over me,
As He watcheth over thee.

REV. ROBERT F. GORDON.

Weston, Mass.

UNITED STATES SENATOR HOAR.

The "Bird" Petition written by our Massachusetts Senator, *Hon. Geo. F. Hoar*, to our Massachusetts Legislature, and which was instrumental in getting the law prohibiting the wearing of song and insectivorous birds on women's hats, is one of the best things the Senator ever did in his whole life and will live in literature long after lots of other Senators will have been forgotten.

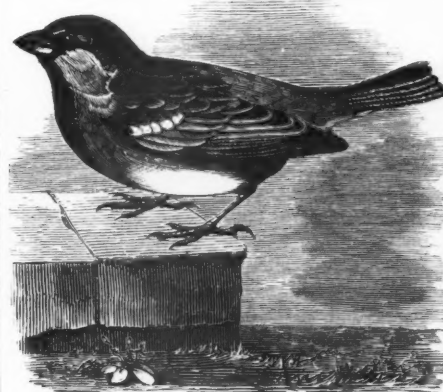
We give it as follows:

To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their play-fellows, make this our humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm; and we know that whenever you do anything, other people all over the great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know; we know. We are Americans just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear their plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer, all your song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are being all killed in Italy.

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please to make another that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one will kill us to get them?



We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for Blackbird to whistle.

If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower-beds,—ourselves like flowers on wings,—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole and Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown, Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fife Bird and Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you; and even Whip-poor-will will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

The signers are: Brown Thrasher, Robert o' Lincoln, Hermit Thrush, Vesper Sparrow, Robin Red Breast, Song Sparrow, Scarlet Tanager, Summer Red Bird, Blue Heron, Humming Bird, Yellow Bird, Whip-poor-will, Water Wag-tail, Woodpecker, Pigeon Woodpecker, Indigo Bird, Yellow Throat, Wilson's Thrush, Chickadee, King Bird, Swallow, Cedar Bird, Cow Bird, Martin, Veery, Vireo, Oriole, Black Bird, Fife Bird, Wren, Linnet, Pee Wee, Phoebe, Yoke Bird, Lark, Sandpiper, Chewink.

The law is that no person can sell, wear, or have in possession the feathers of birds protected by our Massachusetts laws, and Chief Wade of our State police is notifying all dealers and they are shipping their feathers out of the State.

HIGH UP 'MID LEAVES OF SYCAMORE.

High up 'mid leaves of sycamore,
Now stirring—now at rest,
Behold the gold-faked oriole,
Perched on its hanging nest!

List to its mellow, cheery notes
That through the woodlands ring,
And see it leap from bough to bough,
With brilliant flashing wing.

Sweet, darling songster of the woods,
Bartered at Fashion's mart!
Cruel the hand which brings thee down,
More cruel still the heart

Of Fashion's votary who feels
No shrinking, quivering dread,
To see thy plumage ruthless wrenched,
That vanity be fed!

ANNA GARNER.

VIVISECTION IN ILLINOIS.

"In addition to Dr. Harper's assurance we have the words of an eye-witness (a student in the University), as follows:

"The other day my friend and I went into a room to look at some white rabbits which we supposed were pets of the attendant, but he told us they were kept there for the graduate students and professors to operate upon in various ways, *mostly on their brains*.

"There were also some pretty, gentle little guinea-pigs in dirty, sickly pens, and bright-eyed, tame white rats—*scores of them*—with their little ones, in cages—all awaiting their doom. The attendant told us (and it seemed to make him feel badly, too) the young rats were experimented on *without any anæsthetics at all*."

THE POST GRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL

Of Chicago, in its "World's Fair Bulletin of Information" for the summer of 1893, advertised to give "practical instructions to students who wished to pursue lines of experimental research by operations *on the brains of living animals*," and under the head of "Experimental Inoculations" . . . "animals are used," . . . "the object being to fit him (the student) to continue his studies at home."

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

An article in the Chicago Tribune of Dec. 10, 1894, contained an account of the equipments for Bacteriological Research in connection with the above mentioned institution—stating that *numberless animals, from dogs to white mice, 'go there to die.'* As enough victims could not be secured outside, it was stated, they are also bred there in large numbers.

"With few exceptions the foregoing is the story of all the medical schools and universities in the State of Illinois. Since the anti-vivisection agitation commenced in this State five years ago, it has been very difficult to ascertain the real truth, but all the indications are that *most brutal cruelty is practiced, and that the effect upon students witnessing these operations is deplorable.*"

ILLINOIS ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY,
AURORA, ILL.

March, 1897.

WILL ANY ONE TELL US?

Will any one kindly tell us (1) whether there has been in Massachusetts in the past twenty years any surgeon more distinguished than the late Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, Professor of Surgery in Harvard University, who, in his address to the Massachusetts Medical Society, spoke of vivisection as follows:

"I have heard it said that 'somebody must do this.' I say it is needless. Nobody should do it. Watch the students at a vivisection. It is the blood and suffer-

ing, not the science, that rivets their breathless attention. If hospital service makes young students less tender of suffering, *vivisection deadens their humanity and begets indifference to it.*"

(2) Whether from the vivisection of [it may be] thousands of living animals in Massachusetts during the past twenty years *one single new useful fact* has been discovered, and if so, *what, when, where and by whom?*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION.

I would like to know, Mr. Angell [as nearly as may be], your personal views in regard to vivisection.

Answer—My view is (1) that it should never be permitted in any other school except medical schools; (2) that in medical schools animals should never be subjected to torture; and (3) that all medical schools should be open at all times to the inspection of all physicians of good standing in their profession.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A HORSE THAT LOVED HIS MASTER.

We find in the *San Francisco Daily Examiner* this:

ROSSLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA, June 22.

"Jim Kelly, a well-known prospector, came to Grand Forks after an absence in the mountains of six weeks.

"On arriving in town he staked out his horse and betook himself to 'the Cosmos Hotel' and proceeded to sample all kinds of liquor, prolonging his spree until Sunday afternoon.

"All day Friday, during Friday night and until late Saturday afternoon the horse waited, whinnying when anyone approached, but refusing any attempt to feed him. About sunset Saturday, his master not returning, the horse strained at his picket rope till he finally succeeded in pulling the picket pin, and trailing the rope behind him he trotted up to 'the Cosmos,' keeping up a prolonged whinny. He walked up the steps to the porch and peered anxiously through the windows in search of his master. For fifteen or twenty minutes he walked up and down the porch, whinnying as though in pain. Then after a long look into the window he left the porch, and with head hanging near the ground he deliberately walked into a stream of water about three feet deep, lay down on his side and buried his head under the water.

"The act was witnessed by me and by a number of others who were attracted by the horse's whinnying and strange conduct. We followed him down to the creek. There is no doubt he deliberately committed suicide. When Kelly came off his spree on Sunday and learned of the horse's death he secured assistance and buried the faithful animal."

Rum did it. — [EDITOR.]

ANGELL PRIZE-SPEAKING CONTEST.

We are glad to be notified of the great success of one of these exhibitions at the Library Hall at West Hanover, Mass. Every seat filled—many obliged to stand—clergymen and others addressed the meeting—the audience very enthusiastic—other similar contests likely to follow.

Just before going to press we receive an account of a most successful prize contest in Manitou, Colorado.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

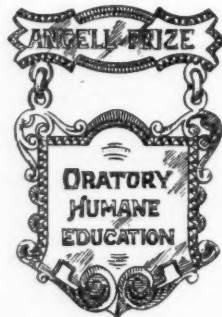
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.



The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools or Sunday-schools are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

It is a splendid and easy way to raise money.

We have a book of 192 pages describing the plan and containing beautiful selections to be used by the speakers and reciters in these contests, which our "American Humane Education Society" sends to those who are going to contest, on receipt of six cents in postage stamps to pay postage; and to all others for sixteen cents in postage stamps, which is precisely what they cost us with postage.

Every school taking part wants to attend, so do parents and friends; good music is added, and a full audience is insured, and a very enthusiastic one, for every school of course cheers its champion, and, for a week after, the merits of what was said and how it was said will be discussed, not only by children but by parents.

As before stated, these prize contests have been already recommended by the Master of the National Grange for all the Granges of our country—also by the National Superintendent of the Department of Mercy of the W. C. T. U., to be adopted by that organization all over the country, and they have attracted notice from the press as far off as London and Australia.

We have already considerable orders for both books and medals, and on our table are interesting accounts of their success, at one of which in Cleveland, Ohio, the Mayor of the city presided.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTEST SPEAKING.

Among the successes of this new humane movement is one reported in all the *Reading, Penn., papers*. In addition to the oratorical contest, interesting addresses were made by prominent gentlemen of the city and the judges appointed to award the prizes.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

We receive from Mrs. F. H. D. Vieth of Ottawa, Hon. Secretary of "The Canada Band of Mercy Union," a letter stating that at a public meeting in City Hall it was voted to adopt these contests, and sending [with remittance] an order for copies of the book of selections.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

What is its circulation?

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000, and sometimes it has been from 100,000 to 200,000.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. *Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico.* Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier.*

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our American Humane Education Society—gratuitously circulated by American Humane Education Society—write us.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals then the cruelty is still greater. GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhust, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

\$1000.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," I offer One Thousand Dollars for evidence to convict ten persons in Massachusetts of violation of our State law by cruel vivisection—namely, One Hundred Dollars for evidence in each case.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

THE ELEPHANT AT THE ZOO.

"It is a common sight to see Jolly almost any day walking sedately about the crowded hall with eight or nine merry children on his back. He appears to enjoy the sport as much as the little folks, for his eyes twinkle gleefully."

"In talking about the intelligence and remarkable memories of elephants Mr. Bostock [who was Jolly's trainer and has been a trainer and exhibitor of animals all his life] said: 'The elephant is the most intelligent of animals I ever had anything to do with. They are the easiest to train, the most good tempered, and interesting of all.'

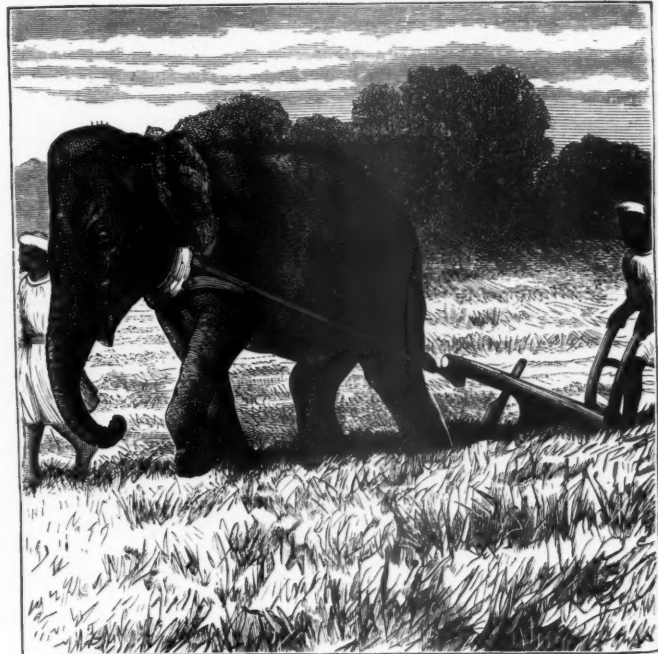
"Speaking of the memories for persons and events that elephants have, I would like to tell you an instance that came under my own eyes some years ago when I was in England. My father was the manager of a show, but he having died my mother was in charge. We had several elephants, and one of them was of unusual size. He was within three or four inches as tall as Jumbo and a trifle heavier.

"In the rural places where we were exhibiting at the time it was the custom of the people to have large baskets of apples placed by the side of the road after they had been picked from the trees. This particular day our show was passing along a street and the elephants all ate of the apples.

"Not long after the big elephant was taken very ill. He laid down on the ground and was apparently unable to get up. We did not know whether he had been poisoned or not. Finally a chemist was called and he gave the elephant some physic.

"It did not appear to do much good. For hours the animal lay on the ground and the chemist kept giving him medicine. Bystanders jeered at the man for his apparently unsuccessful efforts. Finally, however, the elephant began to revive, and at last stood up on his feet.

"Seven years later we happened to visit this same town again. The big elephant was drawing a chariot with two others in the lead, tandem fashion. We were passing along the street when the elephant suddenly paused and walked up to a man standing on the sidewalk. She placed her trunk around the waist of the man, lifted him up in the air and drew him to her. She began to caress him, purring loudly all the while.



"Come to find out this was the chemist who had cured the animal of her sickness seven years before. The man remembered the elephant and the elephant remembered the man. At the performance which we gave the chemist was among the spectators.

"When the time came for the big elephant to appear she walked right over to the chemist and raised him from the ground and hugged him so close that it was uncomfortable. But we could not release him until the elephant was ready. The elephant purred like a cat for almost twenty minutes."—*Boston Journal.*

UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "It is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight."

In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep.

Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject, "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name "Daniel" fell in his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp barks said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he ran away."

Then he walked out with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could; but then he made a resolve, if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel, he would remember to tie up his dog.—*Our Little Ones.*

TO ALL CLERGYMEN IN THE UNITED STATES AND ELSEWHERE.

In the Sunday-school of a large church in Baltimore they decided to secure a large number of annual subscriptions for *Our Dumb Animals*. The solicitor's commission, namely, twenty-five cents on each copy, to be given to aid in church work. Our regular price is fifty cents a copy.

If in every Sunday-school of the United States the same plan should be adopted it would raise the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals* to millions, and at the same time raise in every Sunday-school a considerable amount of money to be used for church work or any other work that the Sunday-school may choose to give it to.

CAN MAKE MONEY.

Any teacher or pupil can make money by securing fifty cent annual subscriptions for *Our Dumb Animals*, and retaining one-half of each subscription as compensation for doing it. No paper in the world has been more highly praised.

FROM WALTHAM SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:—

I desire to say a word in regard to the work which your "Band of Mercy" organizer, Mr. Leach, has been doing in our city in establishing "Bands of Mercy." He has visited every school building and every school room and established a "Band of Mercy" in connection with each school. He interested the children to a great degree and the good effects of his work here are apparent. I shall endeavor to keep his work alive and perpetuate it as far as possible.

Wishing you continued success in all your undertakings, I am, With respect,

HENRY WHITTEMORE, Supt. of Schools.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

10,652.

Ten thousand six hundred and fifty-two murders were committed in the United States last year.

In what other country of the world is there greater need of humane education than ours?

"A thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by kind words and humane education for every one that can be prevented by prosecution."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO EDUCATE THE BRAINS.

Millions are poured into our colleges and universities to educate the brains of America, while almost nothing is done to educate the heart.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have recently had hung in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

Over two hundred thousand copies of "The American Humane Education Society's" prize story "Beautiful Joe" have been already sold.

We have printed and caused to be circulated over two millions of copies of "Black Beauty."

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

A city girl recently went to visit her grandfather in the country. She is fond of milk, but refused to drink any while there. Her mother asked why she would not drink the milk. She answered:

"I know where grandpa gets it. I saw him getting it."

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk. Throwing stones at her, frightening her, even talking unkindly to her, may poison the milk.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.—GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BOBOLINK.

Where rosy maids move through the meadow's clover

In opulent June, with her blue sky held over,
Comes now the rarest bird-song yet, I think—
That of the breezy, bolsterous bobolink.

See him go up, up, up, with dulcet phrases,
Out of the thick green grass, snow-white with daisies;
His frenzied scores he hurries to deliver,
And shoots them off like arrows from a quiver.

"Che-rick, a-runk, a-ruck, che-rick, a-rucky,
I've met my summer love, am I not lucky?"
Is what he seems to say above the grasses—
A song that fits the hearts of lads and lassies.

How well this black-white singer, keen and knowing,
Keeps his exhaustless music fountain flowing!
Far over road and field, and dell and river,
His warblings spread from plumage all a-shiver.
How fair the lush rich landscape all about him!
June would be less than half of June without him.

"Che-rick, a-runk, a-ruck, che-rick, a-rucky,
I've met my summer love, am I not lucky?"

The rosy maids still move amidst the clover,
Wishing the pretty song was never over.
A single gun re-echoes on the mountain,
But nothing dulls the bobolink's bubbling fountain.

O joyous harlequin of Orpheus mettle,
If for a moment on some rail you settle,
'Tis only as a pause, just to re-treasure
A fuller trill in your most matchless measure.

JOEL BENTON, in *Harper's Weekly*.

HOW MANY SECRET SOCIETIES?

Attorney—"How many secret societies do you belong to?"

Witness—"Do I have to answer that question, your honor?"

The Court—"It can do no harm."

Witness—"Well, I belong to three."

Attorney—"What are they?"

Witness—"The Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and a gas company."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A first rate skylight—the moon.



OUR AMERICAN SAVAGES.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

FAMOUS HORSES OF OUR CIVIL WAR.

We have just been reading a most interesting account by General James Grant Wilson, of the famous horses rode during our Civil War by Generals Grant, Sheridan, Kearney, Kilpatrick, Custer, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Longstreet, Wade Hampton and others—all American horses—not one of them mutilated by docking, after the cruel, heartless fashion of men, who in foolishly trying to imitate a similar class in England, subject the animals, which are so unfortunate as to be owned by them, to torture and life-long suffering.

KALAMAZOO BURGLARS.

A citizen of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has a valuable parrot. On three different occasions he has saved the house from being burglarized. The last time was on a recent night. The burglar got the door unfastened, but when he opened it the parrot asked, in a stern voice: "Hello there! What's the matter?" The burglar didn't stop to answer.

REQUESTS.

In this morning's mail comes to us a huge package [of perhaps a thousand pages] of manuscript which the writer thinks of publishing and wants us to give an opinion on.

When we cannot undertake to even read one letter in twenty that comes to us it is quite clear that we have no time for such manuscripts.

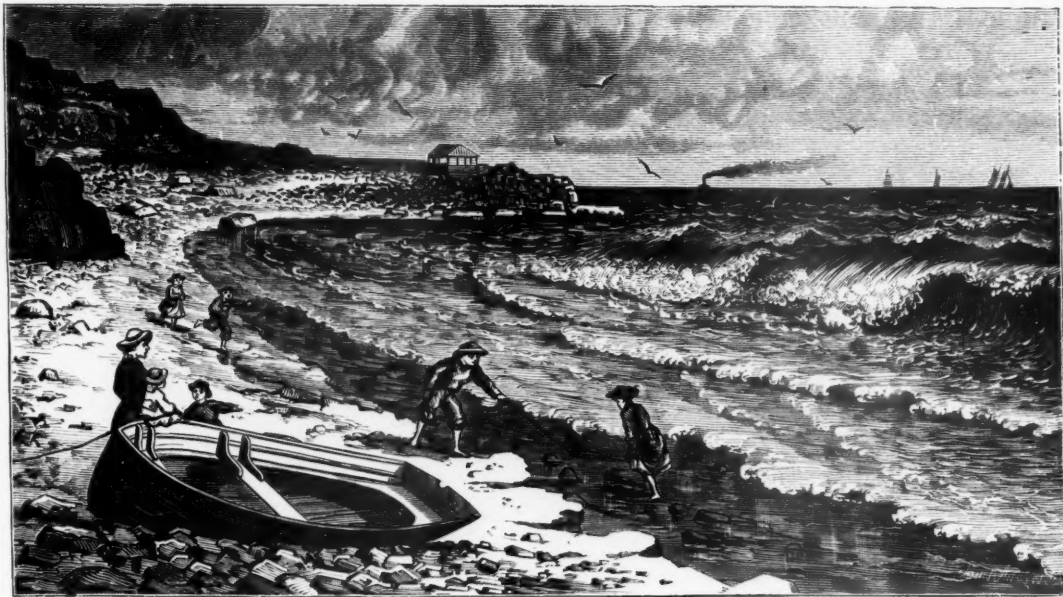
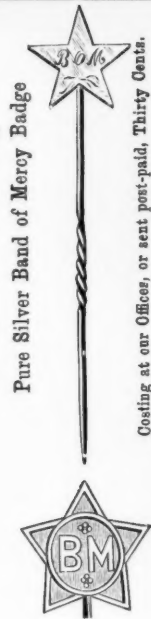
By same mail comes to us a poem of eight pages on that certainly very valuable and useful bird—the hen—with request that we publish it. We must decline in favor of some larger paper.

By the way, talking about "the hen" reminds us of a good deacon who, thinking he had a gift of oratory, invited his neighbors and friends to come into his parlor one evening and proceeded to read to them a lecture he had written, which commenced, "What a beautiful bird the hen is." Judging from the quantity of hen's feathers [dyed probably with arsenic] we see on the heads of women [old and young] we conclude that their wearers must agree with the deacon.

Among the remarkable requests received by us was one from a publisher to write a *Life of Christ*, to whom we replied that we didn't believe we could improve upon the account already given in the New Testament—another that we have the grade of all our Boston streets so altered that no electric car shall ever cross any street on grade—a third that we have the bells on all our electric cars so changed that they will make less noise—&c., &c.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

When you dispute with a fool he is certain to be similarly employed.—*Ex.*



THE SEA-SHORE IN AUGUST.

[From *The Working Boy*.]

A MYSTERIOUS THEFT.

Harold Ames was proud and happy when Mr. Jones, the great newspaper agent, took him on as one of his boys. Not a moment late was he with any of the papers, and the wages were a quarter more than in his last place. Every one of those quarters should be put aside to buy mother the new dress she needed.

Harold's mother was a widow and he was her only child.

Five weeks had Harry kept his place, and five quarters rattled in his money-box—the rest of the money he always handed over to his mother to buy his food and clothes—when a terrible trial befell the boy. Subscribers complained that their papers were not left regularly, and one man even sent word that, though paid for, his paper had not come for a whole week past. Of course Harry was sent for and reprimanded, but he could only say, earnestly: "Please, sir, I always did leave the papers at every house."

And the answer was, "Don't make matters worse by telling a lie."

He was not dismissed, but was to have a week's grace.

Poor Harry! Tears of indignation welled into his eyes. As to the missing papers, he knew nothing about them. It was a mystery, and it was a mystery that continued. He left the papers regularly in Mortimer street, yet again people called at the office and said they had never got them. At the end of the week the boy was called up and dismissed.

In vain Harry's mother pleaded for her child, a good boy, with a good character for honesty wherever he had been in a place; it was of no use.

Poor Harry was sobbing bitterly at home when Mr. S., the photographer round the corner, knocked at the door to ask Mrs. Ames to send his wash home a little earlier. He was surprised to see Harry in tears, and asked the reason. Mrs. Ames explained.

"Look here," the young man said, "I'm fond of mysteries; I'll take the boy," and the photographer laughed. "Cheer up," he said to Harry. "Come and work for me, and we'll find out this riddle."

He knew Harry; knew him for a good boy.

A few days later Mr. S. called at the newspaper office. "Papers gone regularly since you dismissed young Ames?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it. Worse complaints than ever," was the reply.

"Ah, a mystery," said Mr. S., and went away.

Next day he got up very early and walked up and down Mortimer street. Harry's successor was dropping the morning papers on every doorstep. Mr. S. leaned against the portico of No. 1 and waited,

keeping an eye on the whole street. Then he went home chuckling and staring hard at No. 8, where the door stood open to air the house. You could do that in this quiet street.

He asked Harry if No. 8 had ever complained of his papers coming irregularly, but Harry shook his head.

"No. 8 was too ill," he said. "They thought he was dying all last week. The girl told me so."

"Do they keep a cat?" he asked.

Harry stared. "They keep a dog," he said, "a jolly one; it can do heaps of tricks."

"It is too clever, by half," said Mr. S. "Come with me, my boy. You and I will go and ask how No. 8 is."

Harry wondered, but got his cap and followed.

To this question the girl answered joyfully that her employer was a great deal better; out of danger.

"Can he read the papers yet?" asked Mr. S.

"Well, now, how odd!" said the girl. "I was just going to get it for him when you rang. Rover takes it always off the doorstep and lays it in the little smoking-room; but this two weeks past we've none of us thought of the paper, or even gone into the room, we've been so dreadfully anxious about poor Mr. Orr."

"May I see the smoking-room?" asked the photographer.

"Certainly, sir," said the girl, surprised.

But when Harry, Mr. S. and Sarah entered the room there was still a greater surprise, for the floor was littered with papers, yet folded, carried in from various doorsteps by the busy Rover. During his master's illness no one had taken the paper from him and praised him for doing it, so he must have tried to earn praise by bringing in more papers, searching every doorstep up and down the street.

"And we all too upset to notice it!" said Sarah. "Well, I never! Rover, you're a thief! This will be news for your master."

"The mystery is discovered," said the photographer. "Could I ask as a favor that this room be left as it is for Mr. Jones of the newspaper office to see? I think your employer will not object when he hears that a boy has been accused of taking the papers."

"Certainly, sir," said Sarah.

The agent was taken to No. 8. He found there all the missing papers, and Rover was kind enough to make things clear by bringing in another stolen paper during his visit.

"You are entirely cleared, my lad," he said. "We must have you back. This is a queer affair," and he patted Rover on the head.

"Thank you; but I can't spare my boy; he suits me," said the photographer.

"Well, then, we must give Ames a present, for he has suffered unjustly."

"I don't want anything, sir; I'm only too glad to be cleared."

"The boys said you were saving up money for some purpose; perhaps I could help you to that."

"Oh, nothing, sir, for me; but I did want to get mother a dress."

"Ah, yes! I won't keep you now. Good-bye, Mr. S. You have done us a valuable service by clearing up this little affair."

That evening a knock came to the Ames' door, and a parcel was left directed to Harry's mother. It contained a beautiful dark dress "from Rover."

(From *The Young Churchman*, July, 1897.)

Mr. Angell, in *Our Dumb Animals*, has this to say about fishing:

Always kill fish as soon as they are taken from the water by a sharp blow with a baton or stick on the back of the head.

They keep better, eat better, and are in all respects better than those that suffer just before dying.

The best fishermen in Europe and America know this—the suffering of any animal just before dying always tends to make the meat unwholesome and sometimes poisonous.

The writer recalls well when he was a boy a Welshman and his family in the same village piled fishing as his business. He and his boys each carried a wooden mallet, and as fast as fish were drawn in, each was killed at once. Another fisherman asked why he did it. He answered, "Would you eat cows' meat that died a natural death?"

"Of course not."

"Neither would I eat a fish's meat that died a natural death."

THE VALUE OF THE TOAD.

There comes to our table a valuable pamphlet by A. H. Kirkland, M. S., Assistant Entomologist of our Mass. Gypsy Moth Committee, which for the benefit of farmers and others tells how the toad is a wonderfully useful creature, about 80 per cent. of its food being of insects and other animals directly injurious to crops or in other ways obnoxious to man.

We well remember when in Paris many years ago to have seen in shop windows collections of toads for sale, to be used in house kitchens and elsewhere for the destruction of insects.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 28687 Waltham, Mass.
Seth Bemis School.
Loving Hearts Band.
P., Ellen S. Tewksbury.
- 28688 Thomas R. Plympton School.
Louisa Alcott Band.
P., Amelia H. Stanley.
- 28689 Warren Band.
P., M. Eva Warren.
- 28690 Prospect Band.
P., Grace H. Sawtelle.
- 28691 Kind Haps Band.
P., Hattie M. Boynton.
- 28692 High School.
Androses Band.
P., W. R. Butler.
- 28693 Sir Walter Scott Band.
P., W. L. Eaton.
- 28694 Charles Mackay Band.
P., Sarah E. Frost.
- 28695 Theodore Parker Band.
P., Jeannette B. Wilson.
- 28696 So. Grammar School.
O. W. Holmes Band.
P., Arthur P. Smith.
- 28697 Hawthorne Band.
P., Eleanor C. Macdonald.
- 28698 W. C. Bryant Band.
P., Mary F. Baston.
- 28699 James Russell Lowell Band.
P., Sarah E. Wilbar.
- 28700 Roger Wolcott Band.
P., Emma H. White.
- 28701 Whittier Band.
P., Hattie E. Darcy.
- 28702 Whip-poor-will Band.
P., Lucinda Whorl.
- 28703 Nightingale Band.
P., Helen E. DeMeritt.
- 28704 Golden Robin Band.
P., Nellie E. Everson.
- 28705 Humming Bird Band.
P., Ida M. Flood.
- 28706 Blue Bird Band.
P., Nellie M. Quincy.
- 28707 Golden Eagle Band.
P., Besaie M. Shepard.
- 28708 True Blue Band.
P., Emma R. Baker.
- 28709 Bradshaw Stearns School.
Bradshaw Stearns Band.
P., Mira E. Metcalf.
- 28710 Golden Link Band.
P., Myrtle A. Leonard.
- 28711 Birdlings Band.
P., Hattie G. Smith.
- 28712 Children's Hour Band.
P., Susanne L. Gordon.
- 28713 Thoughtful Band.
P., Marion L. Wheeler.
- 28714 Sunshine Band.
P., Susie S. Smith.
- 28715 Americus, Ga.
Mayflower Band.
P., Miami Cooper.
- 28716 Denver, Colo.
Denver Band.
P., Emma Dieter.
- 28717 Providence, R. I.
Academy Ave. School.
Nature's Guardian Band.
P., Emily J. Bethwell.
- 28718 Golden Rule Band.
P., Emma J. Craig.
- 28719 Animals' Friend Band.
P., Emma J. Craig.
- 28720 Volunteer Defenders of the
Animal Creation Band.
P., Hannah M. Crocker.
- 28721 Protectors of the Helpless
Band.
P., Maud H. Perrine.
- 28722 Loyal Friends of Dumb Animals
Band.
P., Francesca A. Manchester.
- 28723 Friends of Animals Band.
P., Jeannette L. Mowry.
- 28724 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals
Band.
P., Ida A. McLane.
- 28725 Defenders of the Helpless
Band.
P., Sabra M. Andrews.
- 28726 Be Kind to All Band.
P., Estelle A. Barker.
- 28727 Earnest Happy Workers Bd.
P., Alice M. King.
- 28728 Spencer, Mass.
E. Main St. Humane Soc. Bd.
P., Master Fred Traile.
- 28729 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss L. O. Cunningham.
- 28730 Denny Hale Band.
P., Margaret E. Temple.
- 28731 Eagle Band.
P., Sadie W. Matthews.
- 28732 Buttercup Band.
P., Miss Mary E. Coughlin.
- 28733 Daisy Band.
P., Mary Jacobs.
- 28734 Robin Band.
P., Sarah C. Nieder.
- 28735 Oriole Band.
P., Nellie M. Sullivan.
- 28736 Blue Bird Band.
P., Miss K. V. Griffin.
- 28737 Maple St. Humane Soc. Bd.
P., Eliza J. Keegan.
- 28738 Boston, Mass.
Young Volunteers Band.
P., Charles St. Clair.
- 28739 W. Brookfield, Mass.
Rose Band.
P., Mr. Royal Makepeace.
- 28740 Blue Bird Band.
P., Miss A. J. White.
- 28741 Warren, Mass.
Lincoln Band.
P., Lizzie F. Burrell.
- 28742 Robin Band.
P., Christine Holman.
- 28743 Washington Band.
P., Florence Holman.
- 28744 Warren Humane Society Bd.
P., Ralph Jones.
- 28745 Arborus Band.
P., Miss Florence C. Bliss.
- 28746 Flower Band.
P., Eva G. Oakes.
- 28747 Lily Band.
P., Kate Pendergast.
- 28748 Washington Band.
P., Mary G. Perry.
- 28749 Lincoln Humane Soc. Band.
P., Mr. James Reilly.
- 28750 W. Warren, Mass.
Eagle Band.
P., Miss F. D. Travers.
- 28751 Lincoln Band.
P., Katherine E. Brosnan.
- 28752 Robin Band.
P., Miss M. T. Cunningham.
- 28753 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Ada Hays.
- 28754 Hawarden, Iowa.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Florence Gill.
- 28755 Lowell, Mass.
Merciful Society Band.
P., Birdie Ross.
- 28756 Blue Island, Ill.
Little Defenders Band.
P., Miss Lillian Tefft.
- 28757 Bingham, Iowa.
Bingham Sunshine Band.
P., Lida M. Tunniff.
- 28758 Newark, N. J.
Sunshine Band.
P., Sarah M. M. Young.
- 28759 Ashland, Wis.
Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Katie Karl.
- 28760 Central School Band.
P., Clara Lamere.
- 28761 Farmville, Va.
Bishop Richard Allen Band.
P., Rev. W. R. Gullins.
- 28762 Americus, Ga.
Star Band.
P., Savannah Chavis.
- 28763 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Eliza Barnett.
- 28764 Filley, Neb.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Bertha Gilmore.
- 28765 San Francisco, Cal.
California Band.
P., Miss Sadie Troyler.
- 28766 New Orleans, La.
Mission Reading Room Bd.
P., R. G. Fleming.
- 28767 Topeka, Kansas.
American Band.
P., E. J. McCay.
- 28768 Atkinson, Neb.
Enterprising Band.
P., Ray Crossman.
- 28769 Kansas City, Mo.
Sunbeam Band.
P., Roby Singleton.
- 28770 Violet Band.
P., Florence Elledge.
- 28771 Fort Wayne, Ind.
Kabisch Band.
P., Frank Kabisch.
- 28772 Fort Collins, Colo.
Fort Collins Band No. 12.
P., Miss Mary Wellborn.
- 28773 Fort Collins Band No. 13.
P., Almeda Black.
- 28774 Fort Collins Band No. 14.
P., Maud Shorno.
- 28775 Fort Collins Band No. 15.
P., Mary Gill.
- 28776 Oxford, Iowa.
Fountain of Youth Band.
P., Ida M. Cotter.
- 28777 Kansas City, Mo.
Thomas H. Benton Band.
P., K. G. Kelly.
- 28778 Bryant School Band.
P., David Thalman.
- 28779 Eldora, Iowa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. Helen M. Kent.
- 28780 Junior Endeavor Band.
P., Miss Genevieve Hardin.
- 28781 S. Sudbury, Mass.
Sunshine Band.
P., Julia F. Smith.
- 28782 Dixville, Minn.
Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Carrie V. Lisle.
- 28783 Americus, Ga.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Cynthia Forte.
- 28784 Chillico Ind. School, Okla.
homa Ter.
Chillico Ind. School Band.
P., Mrs. Philena E. Johanson.
- 28785 Houston, Texas.
Longfellow Band.
P., Miss E. R. Meldrum.
- 28786 Kansas City, Mo.
Benton Band.
P., S. M. Willis.
- 28787 Whitehouse, N. J.
Whitehouse Public Sch. Bd.
P., Master Ross Burdette.
- 28788 Salem, Ill.
Junior League Band.
P., Mrs. K. B. Spencer.
- 28789 Stephenville, Wis.
Stephenville Band.
P., Miss Inez Gurnee.
- 28790 Waltham, Mass.
Banks School.
N. P. Banks Band No. 2.
P., Susie C. Peabody.
- 28791 Henry Thoreau Band No. 2.
P., Edith M. Wheeler.
- 28792 Ralph Waldo Emerson Bd.
P., Josephine Higginbotham.
- 28793 Little Folks Band.
P., Nettie McQuestin.
- 28794 High School.
P., Kathryn E. Jacobs.
- 28795 Pond End School.
Thoreau Band.
P., Ellen M. Jones.
- 28796 John Roberts School.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Bertha L. Clark.
- 28797 Chauncey Newhall School.
Rusy Bee Band.
P., Jessie B. Clarke.
- 28798 Florence Nightingale Band.
P., Ruth Hawks.
- 28799 Grace Darling Band.
P., Mary A. McCarty.
- 28800 Rosa Bonheur Band.
P., N. Maude Gerald.
- 28801 Milton, Mass.
Pleasant St. School.
Audubon Band.
P., Alma G. Pierce.
- 28802 Milton, Mass.
Rosa Bonheur Band.
P., Marion L. Pierce.
- 28803 Little Bo Peep Band.
P., Emma K. Gordon.
- 28804 Milton, Mass.
East School.
Belchar Band.
P., Mr. O. A. Andrews.
- 28805 Bird Love Band.
P., Annie McKenzie.
- 28806 Hold the Fort Band.
P., Cora A. Day.
- 28807 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Harriet P. Fisher.
- 28808 Violet Band.
P., Grace M. Wheeler.
- 28809 North School.
Abraham Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Emma Merrill.
- 28810 Longfellow Band.
P., Clara A. Reamy.
- 28811 Robin Band.
P., Mary A. Hewins.
- 28812 Centre School.
Landseer Band.
P., Ida M. Sears.
- 28813 Centre Primary School.
Whittier Band.
P., Isabelle C. McIntyre.
- 28814 Mattapan School.
Lafayette Band.
P., Rena M. Chamberlin.
- 28815 Washington Band.
P., Annie E. Dimick.
- 28816 Defenders Band.
P., Florence L. Jones.
- 28817 Kind Hearts Band.
P., Lillie M. Palmer.
- 28818 Loyal Band.
P., Mabel E. Oxtom.
- 28819 Milton, Mass.
Wolcott Band.
P., Miss I. B. Holbrook.
- 28820 Wendell Phillips Band.
P., E. M. McDowell.
- 28821 High School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Clarence Boylston.
- 28822 Damascus, Ga.
Victorious Band.
P., S. D. Spradley.
- 28823 Milton, Mass.
High School.
No. 2 Band.
P., Lisbeth Larned.
- 28824 No. 3 Band.
P., Henrietta T. Hallowell.
- 28825 No. 4 Band.
P., Hiram Tuell.
- 28826 Spencer, Mass.
Grant Band.
P., M. E. Quirk.
- 28827 Violet Band.
P., J. M. Sumner.
- 28828 Lincoln Band.
P., Ella M. Casey.
- 28829 Robin Band.
P., Annie J. Casey.
- 28830 E. Brookfield, Mass.
E. Brookfield Humane Soc.
Band.
P., George Loiselle.
- 28831 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Fanny M. Cole.
- 28832 Blue Bird Band.
P., N. L. Gleason.
- 28833 Brookfield, Mass.
Oriole Band.
P., Myra A. Hobbs.
- 28834 Spencer, Mass.
Pleasant St. Humane Soc.
Band.
P., Frank E. Jones.
- 28835 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Mary T. Casey.
- 28836 Lincoln Band.
P., Delia G. O'Connor.
- 28837 Blue Bird Band.
P., Kathryn E. Jacobs.
- 28838 Webster, S. D.
Junior Band.
P., Mrs. C. O. Norris.
- 28839 Paducah, Ky.
Jefferson School.
Excelsior Band.
P., George O. McBroom.
- 28840 Touch-not Band.
P., Frank B. May.
- 28841 Violet Band.
P., Miss Murray.
- 28842 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Wilhelm.
- 28843 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Noble.
- 28844 Red, White & Blue Band.
P., Mrs. Wilcox.
- 28845 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Byrd.
- 28846 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Adams.
- 28847 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Mohan.
- 28848 Longfellow School.
Dixie Band.
P., C. A. Nowell.
- 28849 Anna Sewall Band.
P., Miss Dodson.
- 28850 Audubon Band.
P., Miss Brazelton.
- 28851 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss White.
- 28852 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Sherwin.
- 28853 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Davidson.
- 28854 Violet Band.
P., Miss Chapeze.
- 28855 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Larkin.
- 28856 R. E. Lee School.
Golden Rod Band.
P., E. A. Fox.
- 28857 R. E. Lee Band.
P., Miss Singleton.
- 28858 Dixie Band.
P., Miss Moore.
- 28859 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Ewell.
- 28860 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Grigsby.
- 28861 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. Singleton.
- 28862 Violet Band.
P., Miss McKee.
- 28863 Lily Band.
P., Miss Willis.
- 28864 Franklin School.
Kentucky Cardinal Band.
P., Emma Morgan.
- 28865 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Atchinson.
- 28866 Eugene Field Band.
P., Miss Bonds.
- 28867 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Morrison.
- 28868 Franklin Band.
P., Miss Acker.
- 28869 Rose Band.
P., Miss Sutherland.
- 28870 Star Band.
P., Miss Hailey.
- 28871 Washington School.
George Washington Band.
P., T. J. Ross.
- 28872 Red, White & Blue Band.
P., Miss Mitchell.
- 28873 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Riecke.
- 28874 Sunshine Band.
Miss Milliken.
- 28875 Garfield School.
Wide Awake Band.
P., T. D. Hibbs.
- 28876 Golden Rule Band.
P., G. W. Harvey.
- 28877 Helping Hand Band.
P., Bell Leach.
- 28878 Douglas Band.
P., Miss Mansfield.
- 28879 Lincoln School.
Douglas Band.
P., E. W. Benton.
- 28880 Franklin Band.
P., G. W. Tanner.
- 28881 Lincoln Band.
P., W. H. Clark.
- 28882 W. C. Bryant Band.
P., J. L. Hamilton.
- 28883 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Mary Leigh.
- 28884 I'll Try Band.
P., Annie P. House.
- 28885 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary Gray.
- 28886 Red, White & Blue Band.
P., Ida Watts Baker.
- 28887 Blue Island, Ill.
Whittier School.
Whittier Band.
P., J. E. Lemon.
- 28888 No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Fuller.
- 28889 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Heffron.
- 28890 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Burkham.
- 28891 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss K. Merritt.
- 28892 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss W. Merritt.
- 28893 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Powell.
- 28894 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Munro.
- 28895 Seymour School.
Red, White & Blue Band.
P., Miss Ostrander.
- 28896 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Tefft.
- 28897 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Storch.
- 28898 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Bacon.
- 28899 No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Bauman.
- 28900 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Healey.
- 28901 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Bergen.
- 28902 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Elmstrom.
- 28903 DeWitt School.
P., Miss Burke.
- 28904 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss McDonald.
- 28905 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Hogan.
- 28906 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Large.
- 28907 Greenwood School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Sharpe.
- 28908 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Doran.
- 28909 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Wells.
- 28910 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Wardschneider.
- 28911 High School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Mr. Gillis.
- 28912 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Sperry.
- 28913 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Hesse.
- 28914 No. 4 Band.
P., Mr. Brace.
- 28915 W. Pulman, Ill.
Public Schools.
No. 6 Band.
P., Mrs. F. J. Colt.
- 28916 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Miss Hardenbrook.
- 28917 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Reid.
- 28918 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Lincoln.

PRINCE AND THE DOVE POLLY.

A TRUE STORY.

Written for *Our Dumb Animals*, by Rev. C. C. Carpenter of Charlestown, Mass.

And who is Prince? Prince is a large black and white dog of the shepherd strain, with a fine, handsome face, and as good a disposition as dog or man ever had. And Polly is a beautiful white dove, with the pinkest toes and feet, bright eyes and a pretty arching neck. It is of these two that I write a true story, every word of it, and Prince and Polly can be seen any day, just as I describe them, at the farmhouse of Mr. Cary Carpenter in Bolton, Connecticut.

About a year ago Polly for the first time came to the place from no one knows where, but evidently she liked her new home, and instead of going off for a mate as doves are wont to do, she soon began to show an unusual interest in Prince, and made him her companion and friend. In the early spring as one morning I was approaching the farmhouse, but some distance away, in the edge of the woods, I found Prince on the top of a rail fence sniffing up a hollow apple tree where squirrels had passed the winter, and there not two feet from him was Polly keeping watch over the proceedings. Later I often saw that when Prince attended his master in excursions across the fields or to the neighbors, Polly invariably went along, flying this way and that, and alighting at the end on building or fence, but always near her companion Prince. Each morning when the door of the house is opened Polly is there to make her daily visit, and if Prince, as sometimes happens, is lying across the threshold, she hops upon his back and rests awhile before entering.

A little while since, Mr. Carpenter called his wife to the door to see a pretty picture, for there was Prince half lying down, in the attitude called couchant, and Polly between his fore paws and nestling under his shaggy breast.

Strangest of all is their way of showing affection for each other. Sometimes when Prince is stretched upon the ground and trying to sleep, Polly will walk round him, stopping every second to peck his tail or his foot, and when this has been repeated a few times, Prince lifts his head, opens his big mouth and takes Polly into it, and yet so gently that he does not ruffle a feather, and Polly does not exhibit the slightest fear. When I see the perfect confidence that Polly has in Prince I think that if all children were good not only to the doves but to all the birds, perhaps some time their fear would be outgrown, and they would come to us for food or kindness and be more than they are to-day our intimate and loving companions.

TWICE MISTAKEN FOR DEAD.

P. J. ALTMYER OF WHEELING RALLIED WHEN HE HEARD THE BELL TOLL.

WHEELING, West Va., May 31.—P. J. Altmyer, a manufacturer, was stricken with pneumonia a week ago, and this morning was thought to be dead. An undertaker was preparing the body for burial when the bell of St. Mary's Catholic Church began to toll for his death.

At the sound Altmyer rallied and began to talk to his overjoyed family. He sank back again, and the attendants were positive that life had fled, but they were mistaken, for he rallied once more and told his family that he would recover. Physicians were sent for, and late to-night it is said that he will live.

N. Y. paper.

KILLING BUTTERFLIES.

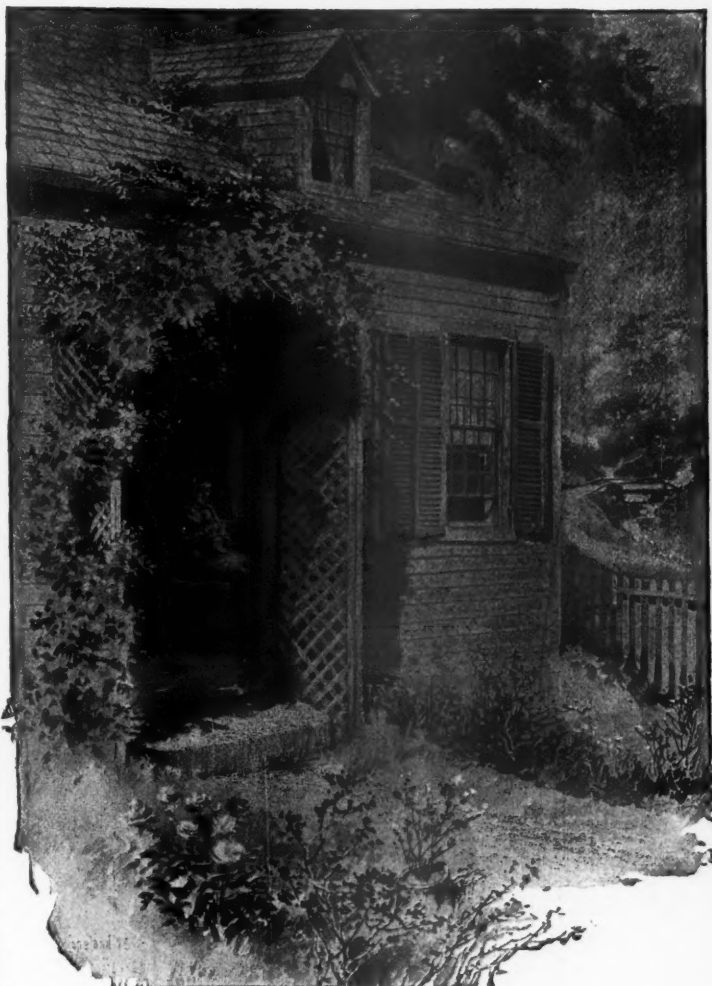
Stopping at the sea-shore a few days since we saw a number of interesting little children gathering butterflies, grasshoppers, and other varieties of insects, and fastening them with pins to the side of the hotel, where the poor creatures were writhing and struggling to escape. It was not the fault of the children. They were very young, and knew no better. They did not once dream of the agony endured by these insects, and on being told of it all assented to their being at once killed, and cheerfully stopped further pursuit of them. But it was your fault, fathers and mothers of those children, and one for which God holds you accountable. If you neglect your duties to your children in that period of life when the moulding of their characters is in your hands, and they grow up more and more merciless, until in your old age you reap the harvest you have sown, you have no one to blame but yourselves. G. T. ANGELL.

A HERO.

[We take the following from an English paper.]

"At a meeting in Bolton Town Hall Saturday, Lord Stanley, M. P., presented in behalf of 'The Humane Society,' a collar and silver medal to a fine, sagacious Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr. Edge, of the Odd-fellows' Arms, which had saved a child (a playmate of the animal) from being run over by a tram car. The incident was vouched for by a number of witnesses, including the driver of the car, who watched the animal

mail carry the little one back to the footpath. A magnificent framed photo of the dog (5 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in., executed by Mr. Proctor) was hung behind the mayor's chair, and the animal itself was placed on the table, where it could be seen by the whole company. Lord Stanley placed the collar with the Society's silver medal attached around the dog's neck, and as his



OUR SUMMER HOME.



ANOTHER SCENE AT A LOGGING CAMP.

[Good picture for a hot day. By kind permission of Boston Journal.]

lordship and the mayor gave it a commendatory patting, the animal, which has a reputation for extraordinary sagacity, seemed to realize its individual importance. It was stated that the Humane Society had no similar case on record. Since the episode Mr. Edge has had many offers (including one of £50) for the dog, but has declined to part with it."

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for June.
Fines and witness fees, \$128.26.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

S. Lothrop Thorndike, \$10; Mrs. Dexter Smith, \$10; Edward I. Browne, \$10; Cash, \$6; C. A. Edgerton, \$3; T. L. Haynes, \$2.50; Norton & Warren, \$1.50; A. J. McIntosh, \$1.50; W. H. Smith, \$1.50; Elekron Mfg. Co., \$1.50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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"The camels are coming" was the tune the band struck up when the bicyclists appeared around the bend, humping themselves like all possessed.

Papa.—Well, Johnny, you went to church this morning?

Johnny.—Yes, papa.

Papa.—How did you like the sermon?

Johnny.—The beginning was good and the end was good, but there was too much middle to it, papa.

"What did your father leave you when he died, Pat?"

"He left me an orphan!"

A CAT THAT CAN READ.

"I have a cat," said a lady to me the other day, "that knows when a letter comes to her."

"A letter!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, a letter; and if you don't believe it I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one."

My friend left the room and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope, addressed to Miss Pussy, No.—, Marlboro St., city.

"Now," said she, "if you will kindly post that for me to-night and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery to-morrow morning, you will see that I am telling you facts."

I mailed the letter as she asked, and was at my friend's home promptly the next morning.

Soon the bell rang, and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

Placing them near the cat on the floor, my friend said: "Now, Miss Pussy, pick out your letter."

Sure enough, Pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

I was almost too surprised to speak, when my friend said:

"Wait a moment. She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope."

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open, and was enjoying her letter very much. The envelope was filled with catnip.

KIND WORDS.

[From the president of our Boston Emerson School of Oratory, the largest in this country].

"I wished the inspiration of your presence, and a few words of the divine word to which you have given your life, but as this could not be, I did the best I could in speaking of it to the school before the distribution of your publications, which were eagerly received.

Praying that your life may long be spared to be a benediction to every living creature, I am, with profound gratitude and admiration for all that you have done and are doing,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON."

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.



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